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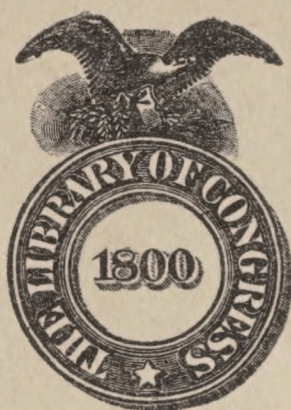
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IN  
WONDERLAND

BY  
LEWIS CARROLL

NEW YORK  
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# Alice's Adventures in Wonderland

By

Lewis Carroll

*Hodgson, Charles Lutwidge.*

*With Illustrations by John Tenniel*



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New York

Maynard, Merrill, & Co., Publishers







# Alice in Wonderland

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## Chapter I

### Down the Rabbit-hole

1. ALICE was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do: once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, "and what is the use of a book," thought Alice, "without pictures or conversations?"

2. So she was considering in her own mind (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel



very sleepy and stupid) whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a white rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

3. There was nothing so *very* remarkable in that; nor did Alice think it so *very* much out of the way to hear the Rabbit say to itself, "Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be too late!" (when she thought it over afterwards, it occurred to her that she ought to have wondered at this, but at the time it all seemed quite natural;) but when the Rabbit actually *took a watch out of its waistcoat-pocket*, and looked at it, and then hurried on, Alice started to her feet, for it flashed across her mind that she had never before seen a rabbit with either a waistcoat-pocket or a watch to take out of it, and, burning with curiosity, she ran across the field after it, and was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit-hole under the hedge.

4. In another moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again.

5. The rabbit-hole went straight on like a tunnel for some way, and then dipped suddenly down—so suddenly that Alice had not a moment to think about stopping herself before she found herself falling down what seemed to be a very deep well.

6. Either the well was very deep or she fell very slowly, for she had plenty of time as she went down to look about her, and to wonder what was going to happen next. First, she tried to look



down and make out what she was coming to, but it was too dark to see anything: then she looked at the sides of the well, and noticed that they were filled with cupboards and book-shelves: here and there she saw maps and pictures hung upon pegs. She took down a jar from one of the shelves as she passed; it was labeled "ORANGE MARMALADE," but to her great disappointment it was empty: she did not like to drop the jar for fear of killing somebody underneath, so managed to put it into one of the cupboards as she fell past it.

7. "Well!" thought Alice to herself, "after such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling down-stairs! How brave they'll all think me at home! Why, I wouldn't say anything about it, even if I fell off the top of the house!" (Which was very likely true.)

8. Down, down, down. Would the fall *never* come to an end? "I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time?" she said aloud. "I must be getting somewhere near the center of the earth. Let me see: that would be four thousand miles down, I think—" (for, you see, Alice had learnt several things of this sort in her lessons in the schoolroom, and though this was not a *very* good opportunity for showing off her knowledge, as there was no one to listen to her, still it was good practice to say it over)—"yes, that's about the right distance—but then I wonder what Latitude or Longitude I've got to?" (Alice had not the slightest idea what Latitude was, or Longitude



either, but she thought they were nice grand words to say.)

9. Presently she began again: "I wonder if I shall fall right *through* the earth! How funny it'll seem to come out among the people that walk with their heads downwards! The Antipathies, I think—" (she was rather glad there *was* no one listening this time, as it didn't sound at all the right word) —"but I shall have to ask them what the name of the country is, you know. Please, ma'am, is this New Zealand or Australia?" (and she tried to curtsy as she spoke—fancy *curtsying* as you're falling through the air! Do you think you could manage it?) "And what an ignorant little girl she'll think me for asking! No, it'll never do to ask: perhaps I shall see it written up somewhere."

10. Down, down, down. There was nothing else to do, so Alice soon began talking again. "Dinah'll miss me very much to-night, I should think!" (Dinah was the cat.) "I hope they'll remember her saucer of milk at tea-time. Dinah, my dear! I wish you were down here with me! There are no mice in the air, I'm afraid, but you might catch a bat, and that's very like a mouse, you know. But do cats eat bats, I wonder?" And here Alice began to get rather sleepy, and went on saying to herself, in a dreamy sort of way, "Do cats eat bats? Do cats eat bats?" and sometimes, "Do bats eat cats?" for, you see, as she couldn't answer either question, it didn't much matter which way she put it. She felt that she was



dozing off, and had just begun to dream that she was walking hand in hand with Dinah, and was saying to her very earnestly, "Now, Dinah, tell me the truth: did you ever eat a bat?" when suddenly, thump! thump! down she came upon a heap of sticks and dry leaves, and the fall was over.

11. Alice was not a bit hurt, and she jumped up on to her feet in a moment: she looked up, but it was all dark overhead; before her was another long passage, and the White Rabbit was still in sight, hurrying down it. There was not a moment to be lost: away went Alice like the wind, and was just in time to hear it say, as it turned a corner, "Oh my ears and whiskers, how late it's getting!" She was close behind it when she turned the corner, but the Rabbit was no longer to be seen: she found herself in a long, low hall, which was lit up by a row of lamps hanging from the roof.

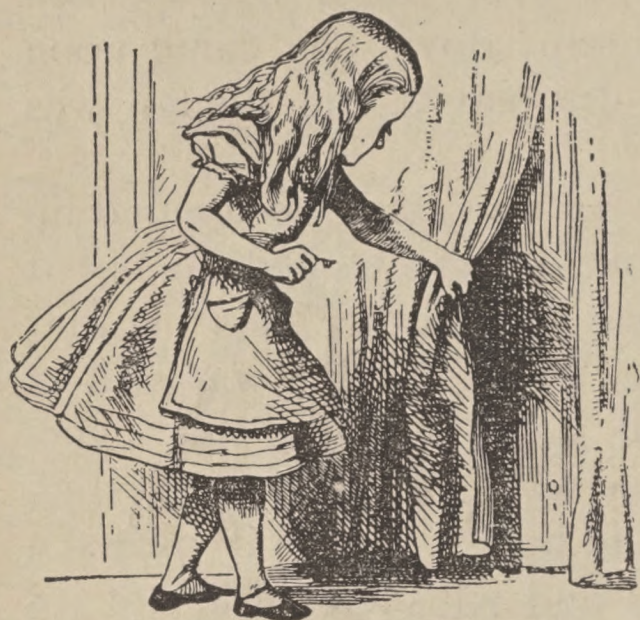
12. There were doors all round the hall, but they were all locked, and when Alice had been all the way down one side and up the other, trying every door, she walked sadly down the middle, wondering how she was ever to get out again.

13. Suddenly she came upon a little three-legged table, all made of solid glass; there was nothing on it but a tiny golden key, and Alice's first idea was that this might belong to one of the doors of the hall; but, alas! either the locks were too large, or the key was too small, but at any rate it would not open any of them. However, on the second



time round, she came upon a low curtain she had not noticed before, and behind it was a little door about fifteen inches high; she tried the little

golden key in the lock, and to her great delight it fitted!



14. Alice opened the door and found that it led into a small passage not much larger than a rat-hole: she knelt down, and looked along the passage into the

loveliest garden you ever saw. How she longed to get out of that dark hall, and wander about among those beds of bright flowers and those cool fountains, but she could not even get her head through the doorway; "and even if my head would go through," thought poor Alice, "it would be of very little use without my shoulders. Oh, how I wish I could shut up like a telescope! I think I could, if I only knew how to begin." For, you see, so many out-of-the-way things had happened lately that Alice had begun to think that very few things indeed were really impossible.

15. There seemed to be no use in waiting by the little door, so she went back to the table, half hoping she might find another key on it, or, at any



rate, a book of rules for shutting people up like telescopes: this time she found a little bottle on it ("which certainly was not here before," said Alice), and tied round the neck of the bottle was a paper label with the words "DRINK ME" beautifully printed on it in large letters.

16. It was all very well to say "Drink me," but the wise little Alice was not going to do *that* in a hurry: "no, I'll look first," she said, "and see whether it's marked '*poison*' or not;" for she had read several nice little stories about children who had got burnt, and eaten up by wild beasts, and other unpleasant things, all because they *would* not remember the simple rules their friends had taught them, such as, that a red-hot poker will



burn you if you hold it too long; and that if you cut your finger *very* deeply with a knife, it usually bleeds; and she had never forgotten that, if you drink much from a bottle marked "poison," it is almost certain to disagree with you sooner or later.

17. However, this bottle was *not* marked "poison;" so Alice ventured to taste it, and finding it very nice (it had, in fact, a sort of mixed flavor of



cherry-tart, custard, pineapple, roast turkey, taffy, and hot buttered toast), she very soon finished it off.

18. "What a curious feeling!" said Alice; "I must be shutting up like a telescope."

19. And so it was indeed: she was now only ten inches high, and her face brightened up at the thought that she was now the right size for going through the little door into that lovely garden. First, however, she waited for a few minutes to see if she was going to shrink any further: she felt a little nervous about this, "for it might end, you know," said Alice to herself, "in my going out altogether, like a candle. I wonder what I should be like then?" And she tried to fancy what the flame of a candle looks like after the candle is blown out, for she could not remember ever having seen such a thing.

20. After a while, finding that nothing more happened, she decided on going into the garden at once; but, alas for poor Alice! when she got to the door, she found she had forgotten the little golden key, and when she went back to the table for it, she found she could not possibly reach it: she could see it quite plainly through the glass, and she tried her best to climb up one of the legs of the table; but it was too slippery, and when she had tired herself out with trying, the poor little thing sat down and cried.

21. "Come, there's no use in crying like that!" said Alice to herself, rather sharply; "I advise you to leave off this minute!" She generally



gave herself very good advice (though she very seldom followed it), and sometimes she scolded herself so severely as to bring tears into her eyes, and once she remembered trying to box her own ears for having cheated herself in a game of croquet she was playing against herself, for this curious child was very fond of pretending to be two people. "But it's no use now," thought poor Alice, "to pretend to be two people! Why, there's hardly enough of me left to make *one* respectable person!"

22. Soon her eye fell on a little glass box that was lying under the table: she opened it, and found in it a very small cake, on which the words "EAT ME" were beautifully marked in currants. "Well, I'll eat it," said Alice, "and if it makes me grow larger, I can reach the key; and if it makes me grow smaller, I can creep under the door: so either way I'll get into the garden, and I don't care which happens!"

23. She ate a little bit, and said anxiously to herself, "Which way? Which way?" holding her hand on the top of her head to feel which way it was growing, and she was quite surprised to find that she remained the same size: to be sure, this is what generally happens when one eats cake; but Alice had got so much into the way of expecting nothing but out-of-the-way things to happen, that it seemed quite dull and stupid for life to go on in the common way.

24. So she set to work, and very soon finished off the cake.



## Chapter II

## The Pool of Tears

I. "CURIOUSER and curiouser!" cried Alice (she was so much surprised, that for the moment she



quite forgot how to speak good English); "now I'm opening out like the largest telescope that ever was! Good-bye, feet!" (for when she looked down at her feet, they seemed to be almost out of sight, they were getting so far off.) "Oh, my poor little feet, I wonder who will put on your shoes and stockings for you now, dears? I'm sure *I* shan't be able! I shall be a great deal too far off to trouble myself about you: you must manage the best way you can. But I must be kind to them," thought Alice, "or perhaps they won't walk the way I want to go!"



Let me see: I'll give them a new pair of boots every Christmas."

2. And she went on planning to herself how she would manage it. "They must go by the carrier," she thought; "and how funny it'll seem, sending presents to one's own feet! And how odd the directions will look!

*Alice's Right Foot, Esq.,  
Hearthrug,  
near the Fender,  
(with Alice's love.)*

Oh dear, what nonsense I'm talking!"

3. Just at this moment her head struck against the roof of the hall: in fact she was now rather more than nine feet high, and she at once took up the little golden key and hurried off to the garden door.

4. Poor Alice! It was as much as she could do, lying down on one side, to look through into the garden with one eye; but to get through was more hopeless than ever: she sat down and began to cry again.

5. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Alice, "a great girl like you" (she might well say this), "to go on crying in this way! Stop this moment, I tell you!" But she went on all the same, shedding gallons of tears, until there was a large pool all round her, about four inches deep and reaching half down the hall.

6. After a time she heard a little pattering of feet



in the distance, and she hastily dried her eyes to see what was coming. It was the White Rabbit returning, splendidly dressed, with a pair of white kid gloves in one hand and a large fan in the other: he came trotting along in a great hurry, muttering to himself as he came, "Oh! the Duchess, the Duchess! Oh! won't she be savage if I've kept her waiting!" Alice felt so desperate that she was ready to ask help of any one; so, when the Rabbit came near her she began, in a low, timid voice, "If you please, sir—" The Rabbit started violently, dropped the white kid gloves and the fan, and skurried away into the darkness as hard as he could go.

7. Alice took up the fan and gloves, and, as the hall was very hot, she kept fanning herself all the time she went on talking: "Dear, dear! How queer everything is to-day! And yesterday things went on just as usual. I wonder if I've been changed in the night? Let me think: was I the same when I got up this morning? I almost think I can remember feeling a little different. But if I'm not the same, the next question is, Who in the world am I? Ah, *that's* the great puzzle!" And she began thinking over all the children she knew, that were of the same age as herself, to see if she could have been changed for any of them.

8. "I'm sure I'm not Ada," she said, "for her hair goes in such long ringlets, and mine doesn't go in ringlets at all; and I'm sure I can't be Mabel, for I know all sorts of things, and she, oh! she knows



such a very little ! Besides, *she's* she, and *I'm* I, and—oh dear, how puzzling it all is ! I'll try if I know all the things I used to know. Let me see : four times five is twelve, and four times six is thirteen, and four times seven is—oh dear ! I shall never get to twenty at that rate ! However, the Multiplication Table don't signify : let's try Geography. London is the capital of Paris, and Paris is the capital of Rome, and Rome—no, *that's* all wrong, I'm certain ! I must have been changed for Mabel ! I'll try and say '*How doth the little—*'" and she crossed her hands on her lap, as if she were saying lessons, and began to repeat it, but her voice sounded hoarse and strange, and the words did not come the same as they used to do :

*" How doth the little crocodile  
Improve his shining tail,  
And pour the waters of the Nile  
On every golden scale !*

*" How cheerfully he seems to grin,  
How neatly spreads his claws,  
And welcomes little fishes in  
With gently smiling jaws ! "*

9. " I'm sure those are not the right words," said poor Alice, and her eyes filled with tears again as she went on : " I must be Mabel after all, and I shall have to go and live in that poky little house, and have next to no toys to play with, and, oh ! ever so many lessons to learn ! "



10. As she said this she looked down at her hands, and was surprised to see that she had put on one of the Rabbit's little white kid gloves while she was talking. "How *can* I have done that?" she thought. "I must be growing small again." She got up and went to the table to measure herself by it, and found that, as nearly as she could guess, she was now about two feet high, and was going on shrinking rapidly: she soon found out that the cause of this was the fan she was holding, and she dropped it hastily, just in time to save herself from shrinking away altogether.

11. "That *was* a narrow escape!" said Alice, a good deal frightened at the sudden change, but very glad to find herself still in existence; "and now for the garden!" and she ran with all speed back to the little door: but, alas! the little door was shut again, and the little golden key was lying on the glass table as before, "and things are worse than ever," thought the poor child, "for I never was so small as this before, never! And I declare it's too bad, that it is!"

12. As she said these words her foot slipped, and in another moment, splash! she was up to her chin in salt water. Her first idea was that she had somehow fallen into the sea.

13. However she soon made out that she was in the pool of tears which she had wept when she was nine feet high.

14. "I wish I hadn't cried so much!" said Alice, as she swam about, trying to find her way out. "I shall be punished for it now, I suppose, by



being drowned in my own tears! That *will* be a queer thing, to be sure! However, everything is queer to-day."

15. Just then she heard something splashing about in the pool a little way off, and she swam nearer to make out what it was: at first she thought it must be a walrus or hippopotamus, but then she remembered how small she was now, and she soon made out that it was only a mouse, that had slipped in like herself.

16. "Would it be of any use, now," thought Alice, "to speak to this mouse? Everything is so out-of-the-way down here, that I should think very likely it can talk; at any rate there's no harm in trying." So she began: "O Mouse, do you know the way out of this pool?"

17. The Mouse looked at her rather inquisitively, and seemed to her to wink with one of its little eyes, but it said nothing.

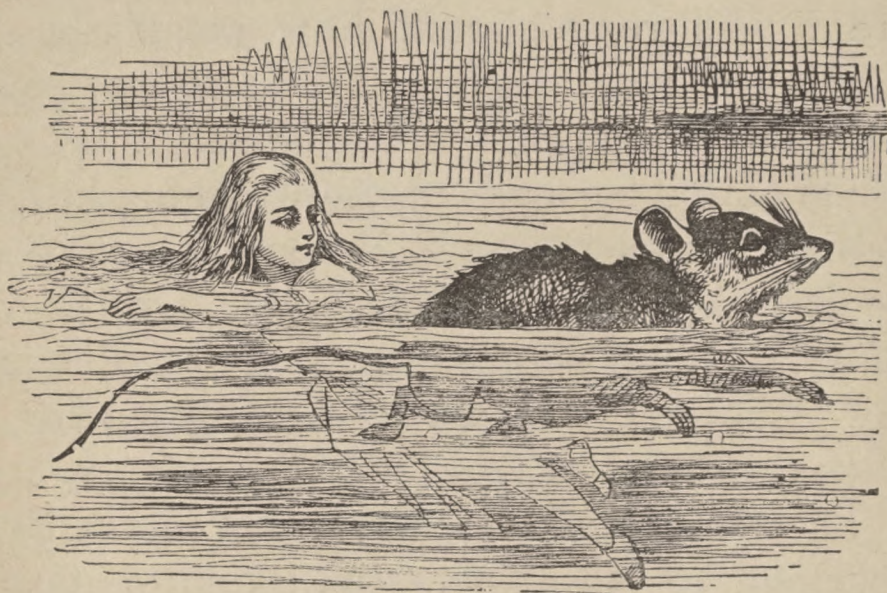
18. "Perhaps it doesn't understand English," thought Alice; "I dare say it's a French mouse." So she began again: "Où est ma chatte?" which was the first sentence in her French lesson-book. The Mouse gave a sudden leap out of the water, and seemed to quiver all over with fright. "Oh, I beg your pardon!" cried Alice hastily, afraid that she had hurt the poor animal's feelings. "I quite forgot you didn't like cats."

19. "Not like cats!" cried the Mouse, in a shrill, passionate voice. "Would *you* like cats if you were me?"

20. "Well, perhaps not," said Alice in a soothing



tone: "don't be angry about it. And yet I wish I could show you our cat Dinah: I think you'd take a fancy to cats if you could only see her. She is such a dear quiet thing," Alice went on, half to herself, as she swam lazily about in the pool, "and she sits purring so nicely by the fire,



licking her paws and washing her face—and she is such a nice soft thing to nurse—and she's such a capital one for catching mice—oh, I beg your pardon!" cried Alice again, for this time the Mouse was bristling all over, and she felt certain it must be really offended. "We won't talk about her any more if you'd rather not."

21. "We, indeed!" cried the Mouse, who was trembling down to the end of his tail. "As if I would talk on such a subject! Our family always *hated* cats: nasty, low, vulgar things! Don't let me hear the name again!"

22. "I won't indeed!" said Alice, in a great hurry to change the subject of conversation. "Are you



—are you fond—of—of dogs?” The Mouse did not answer, so Alice went on eagerly: “There is such a nice little dog near our house I should like to show you! A little bright-eyed terrier, you know, with, oh! such long curly brown hair! And it’ll fetch things when you throw them, and it’ll sit up and beg for its dinner, and all sorts of things—I can’t remember half of them—and it belongs to a farmer, you know, and he says it’s so useful, it kills all the rats and—oh dear!” cried Alice in a sorrowful tone. “I’m afraid I’ve offended it again!” For the Mouse was swimming away from her as hard as it could go, and making quite a commotion in the pool as it went.

23. So she called softly after it: “Mouse dear! Do come back again, and we won’t talk about cats or dogs either, if you don’t like them!” When the Mouse heard this, it turned round and swam slowly back to her: its face was quite pale (with passion, Alice thought), and it said in a low, trembling voice, “Let us get to the shore, and then I’ll tell you my history, and you’ll understand why it is I hate cats and dogs.”

24. “Mine is a long and a sad tale!” said the Mouse, turning to Alice, and sighing.

25. “It *is* a long tail, certainly,” said Alice, looking down with wonder at the Mouse’s tail; “but why do you call it sad?” And she kept on puzzling about it while the Mouse was speaking, so that her idea of the tale was something like this:—  
“Fury said to



a mouse, That  
           he met  
           in the  
           house,  
           ‘Let us  
           both go  
           to law :  
       I will  
       prosecute  
       you.—  
       Come, I’ll  
       take no  
       denial ;  
       We must  
           have a  
                   trial :  
                   For  
                   really  
           this  
           morning  
                   I’ve  
           nothing  
           to do.’  
       Said the  
       mouse to  
       the cur,  
       ‘Such a  
           trial  
       dear sir,  
       With no  
       jury or  
       judge,  
       would be  
       wasting  
           our breath.’  
           ‘I’ll be  
           judge,  
           I’ll be  
           jury,’  
       Said  
       cunning  
       old Fury :  
           ‘I’ll try  
           the whole  
           cause,  
                   and  
           condemn  
           you  
           to  
           death.’ ”

26. “You are not attending!” said the Mouse to Alice, severely. “What are you thinking of?”



"I beg your pardon," said Alice very humbly: "you had got to the fifth bend, I think?"

"I had *not*!" cried the Mouse, sharply and very angrily.

"A knot!" said Alice, always ready to make herself useful, and looking anxiously about her.

"Oh, do let me help to undo it!"

"I shall do nothing of the sort," said the Mouse, getting up and walking away. "You insult me by talking such nonsense!"

"I didn't mean it!" pleaded poor Alice. "But you're so easily offended, you know!"

The Mouse only growled in reply.

"Please come back, and finish your story!" Alice called after it; but the Mouse only shook its head impatiently, and walked a little quicker.

29. "I wish I hadn't mentioned Dinah!" said Alice to herself in a melancholy tone. "Nobody seems to like her down here, and I'm sure she's the best cat in the world! Oh, my dear Dinah! I wonder if I shall ever see you any more!" And here poor Alice began to cry again, for Alice felt very lonely and low-spirited. In a little while, however, she again heard a little pattering of footsteps in the distance, and she looked up eagerly, half hoping that the Mouse had changed his mind, and was coming back to finish his story.



## Chapter III

## In the White Rabbit's House

1. IT was the White Rabbit, trotting slowly back again, and looking anxiously about as it went, as if it had lost something ; and she heard it muttering to itself, " The Duchess ! The Duchess ! Oh my dear paws ! Oh my fur and whiskers ! She'll get me executed, as sure as ferrets are ferrets ! Where *can* I have dropped them, I wonder ! " Alice guessed in a moment that it was looking for the fan and the pair of white kid gloves, and she very good-naturedly began hunting about for them ; but they were nowhere to be seen—everything seemed to have changed since her swim in the pool, and the great hall, with the glass table and the little door, had vanished completely.

2. Very soon the Rabbit noticed Alice, as she went hunting about, and called out to her in an angry tone, " Why, Mary Ann, what *are* you do-out here ? Run home this moment, and fetch me a pair of gloves and a fan ! Quick, now ! " And Alice was so much frightened that she ran off at once in the direction it pointed to, without trying to explain the mistake that it had made.

3. " He took me for his housemaid, " she said to herself as she ran. " How surprised he'll be when he finds out who I am ! But I'd better take him his fan and gloves—that is, if I can find them. " As she said this, she came upon a neat



little house, on the door of which was a bright brass plate with the name "W. RABBIT" engraved upon it. She went in without knocking, and hurried upstairs, in great fear lest she should meet the real Mary Ann, and be turned out of the house before she had found the fan and gloves.

4. She found her way into a tidy little room with a table in the window, and on it (as she had hoped) a fan and two or three pairs of tiny white kid gloves; she took up the fan and a pair of the gloves, and was just going to leave the room, when her eye fell upon a little bottle that stood near the looking-glass. There was no label this time with the words "DRINK ME," but nevertheless she uncorked it and put it to her lips. "I know *something* interesting is sure to happen," she said to herself, "whenever I eat or drink anything; so I'll just see what this bottle does. I do hope it'll make me grow large again, for really I'm quite tired of being such a tiny little thing!"

5. It did so indeed, and much sooner than she had expected; before she had drunk half the bottle, she found her head pressing against the ceiling, and had to stoop to save her neck from being broken. She hastily put down the bottle, saying to herself, "That's quite enough—I hope I shan't grow any more. As it is, I can't get out at the door—I do wish I hadn't drunk quite so much!"

6. Alas! It was too late to wish that! She went on growing and growing, and very soon had to kneel down on the floor; in another minute there



was not even room for this, and she tried the effect of lying down, with one elbow against the door, and the other arm curled round her head. Still she went on growing, and, as a last resource, she put one arm out of the window, and one foot up the chimney, and said to herself, "Now I can



do no more, whatever happens. What *will* become of me?"

7. Luckily for Alice, the little magic bottle had now had its full effect, and she grew no larger: still it was very uncomfortable, and, as there seemed to be no sort of chance of her ever getting out of the room again, no wonder she felt unhappy.

8. After a few minutes she heard a voice outside, and stopped to listen.

9. "Mary Ann! Mary Ann!" said the voice, "fetch me my gloves this moment!" Then came a



little pattering of feet on the stairs. Alice knew it was the Rabbit coming to look for her, and she trembled till she shook the house, quite forgetting that she was now about a thousand times as large as the Rabbit, and had no reason to be afraid of it.

10. Presently the Rabbit came up to the door, and tried to open it, but as the door opened inwards, and Alice's elbow was pressed hard against it, that attempt proved a failure. Alice heard it say to itself, "Then I'll go round and get in at the window."

11. "*That* you won't!" thought Alice; but the next moment a shower of little pebbles came rattling in at the window, and some of them hit her in the face.

12. Alice noticed with some surprise that the pebbles were all turning into little cakes as they lay on the floor, and a bright idea came into her head. "If I eat one of these cakes," she thought, "it's sure to make some change in my size; and as it can't possibly make me larger, it must make me smaller, I suppose."

13. So she swallowed one of the cakes, and was delighted to find that she began shrinking directly. As soon as she was small enough to get through the door she ran off as hard as she could, and soon found herself safe in a thick wood.

14. "The first thing I've got to do," said Alice to herself as she wandered about in the wood, "is to grow to my right size again; and the second thing is to find my way into that lovely garden. I think that will be the best plan.



15. "Let me see—how *is* it to be managed? I suppose I ought to eat or drink something or other; but the great question is, what?"

16. The great question certainly was, what? Alice looked all round her at the flowers and the blades of grass, but she could not see anything that looked like the right thing to eat or drink under the circumstances. There was a large mushroom growing near her, about the same height as herself, and when she had looked under it, and on both sides of it, and behind it, it occurred to her that she might as well look and see what was on the top of it.

17. She stretched herself up on tiptoe, and peeped over the edge of the mushroom, and her eyes immediately met those of a large blue caterpillar, that was sitting on the top with its arms folded, quietly smoking a long hookah, and taking not the smallest notice of her or of anything else.





## Chapter IV

### Advice from a Caterpillar

1. THE Caterpillar and Alice looked at each other for some time in silence: at last the Caterpillar took the hookah out of its mouth, and addressed her in a languid, sleepy voice.

2. "Who are *you*?" said the Caterpillar.

This was not an encouraging opening for a conversation. Alice replied, rather shyly, "I—I



hardly know, sir, just at present—at least I know who I *was* when I got up this morning, but I think I must have been changed several times since then.”

3. “What do you mean by that?” said the Caterpillar sternly. “Explain yourself!”

“I can’t explain *myself*, I’m afraid, sir,” said Alice, “because I’m not myself, you see.”

“I don’t see,” said the Caterpillar.

“I’m afraid I can’t put it more clearly,” Alice replied very politely, “for I can’t understand it myself to begin with; and being so many different sizes in a day is very confusing.”

4. “It isn’t,” said the Caterpillar.

“Well, perhaps you haven’t found it so yet,” said Alice; “but when you have to turn into a chrysalis—you will some day, you know—and then after that into a butterfly, I should think you’ll feel it a little queer, won’t you?”

“Not a bit,” said the Caterpillar.

“Well, perhaps your feelings may be different,” said Alice; “all I know is, it would feel very queer to *me*.”

“You?” said the Caterpillar contemptuously. “Who are *you*?”

5. Which brought them back again to the beginning of the conversation. Alice felt a little irritated at the Caterpillar’s making such *very* short remarks, and she drew herself up and said, very gravely, “I think you ought to tell me who *you* are, first.”



“Why?” said the Caterpillar.

6. Here was another puzzling question; and, as Alice could not think of any good reason, and as the Caterpillar seemed to be in a *very* unpleasant state of mind, she turned away.

“Come back!” the Caterpillar called after her. “I’ve something important to say!”

This sounded promising, certainly: Alice turned and came back again.

“Keep your temper,” said the Caterpillar.

“Is that all?” said Alice, swallowing down her anger as well as she could.

“No,” said the Caterpillar.

7. Alice thought she might as well wait, as she had nothing else to do, and perhaps after all it might tell her something worth hearing. For some minutes it puffed away without speaking, but at last it unfolded its arms, took the hookah out of its mouth again, and said, “So you think you’re changed, do you?”

8. “I’m afraid I am, sir,” said Alice; “I can’t remember things as I used—and I don’t keep the same size for ten minutes together!”

“Can’t remember *what* things?” said the Caterpillar.

“Well, I’ve tried to say ‘How doth the little busy bee,’ but it all came different!” Alice replied in a very melancholy voice.

“Repeat ‘*You are old, Father William,*’” said the Caterpillar.

Alice folded her hands, and began:





9. *"You are old, father William," the young man said,  
 "And your hair has become very white :  
 And yet you incessantly stand on your head—  
 Do you think, at your age, it is right ?"*
10. *"In my youth," father William replied to his son,  
 "I feared it might injure the brain ;  
 But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,  
 Why, I do it again and again."*
11. *"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned  
 before,  
 And have grown most uncommonly fat ;  
 Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—  
 Pray, what is the reason of that ?"*





12. *"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his gray locks,  
 "I kept all my limbs very supple  
 By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—  
 Allow me to sell you a couple."*
13. *"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak  
 For anything tougher than suet;  
 Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak:  
 Pray, how did you manage to do it?"*
14. *"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,  
 And argued each case with my wife;  
 And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw  
 Has lasted the rest of my life."*





15. *"You are old," said the youth ; " one would hardly suppose*

*That your eye was as steady as ever ;  
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—  
What made you so awfully clever ?"*

16. *"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"*

*Said his father ; " don't give yourself airs !  
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff ?  
Be off, or I'll kick you down-stairs ! "*

17. *"That is not said right," said the Caterpillar.  
"Not quite right, I'm afraid," said Alice  
timidly ; " some of the words have got altered."*

*"It is wrong from beginning to end," said the  
Caterpillar decidedly, and there was silence for  
some minutes,*





The Caterpillar was the first to speak.

What size do you want to be?" it asked.

"Oh, I'm not particular as to size," Alice hastily replied; "only one doesn't like changing so often, you know."

"I *don't* know," said the Caterpillar.

18. Alice said nothing: she had never been so much contradicted in all her life before, and she felt that she was losing her temper.

"Are you content now?" said the Caterpillar.

"Well, I should like to be a *little* larger, sir, if you wouldn't mind," said Alice: "three inches is such a wretched height to be."

19. "It is a very good height indeed!" said the Caterpillar angrily, rearing itself upright as it spoke (it was exactly three inches high).

"But I'm not used to it!" pleaded poor Alice



in a piteous tone. And she thought to herself, "I wish the creature wouldn't be so easily offended!"

"You'll get used to it in time," said the Caterpillar; and it put the hookah into its mouth and began smoking again.

20. This time Alice waited patiently until it chose to speak again. In a minute or two the Caterpillar took the hookah out of its mouth, and yawned once or twice, and shook itself. Then it got down off the mushroom, and crawled away into the grass, merely remarking as it went, "One side will make you grow taller, and the other side will make you grow shorter."

21. "One side of *what*? The other side of *what*?" thought Alice to herself.

"Of the mushroom," said the Caterpillar, just as if she had asked it aloud; and in another moment it was out of sight.

22. Alice remained looking thoughtfully at the mushroom for a minute, trying to make out which were the two sides of it; and, as it was perfectly round, she found this a very difficult question. However, at last she stretched her arms round it as far as they would go, and broke off a bit of the edge with each hand.

23. "And now which is which?" she said to herself, and nibbled a little of the right-hand bit to try the effect: the next moment she felt a violent blow underneath her chin; it had struck her foot!

24. She was a good deal frightened by this very



sudden change, but she felt that there was no time to be lost, as she was shrinking rapidly ; so she set to work at once to eat some of the other bit. Her chin was pressed so closely against her foot, that there was hardly room to open her mouth ; but she did it at last, and managed to swallow a morsel of the left-hand bit.

25. She set to work very carefully, nibbling first at one and then at the other, and growing sometimes taller and sometimes shorter, until she had succeeded in bringing herself down to her usual height.



## Chapter V

## Pig and Pepper

1. It was so long since she had been anything near the right size, that it felt quite strange at first, but she got used to it in a few minutes, and began talking to herself as usual. "Come, there's half my plan done now! How puzzling all these changes are! I'm never sure what I'm going to be, from one minute to another! However, I've got back to my right size: the next thing is, to get into that beautiful garden—how is that to be done, I wonder?" As she said this, she came suddenly upon an open place, with a little house in it about four feet high. "Whoever lives there," thought Alice, "it'll never do to come upon them *this* size; why, I should frighten them out of their wits!" So she began nibbling at the right-hand bit again, and did not venture to go near the house till she had brought herself down to nine inches high, and then she opened the door and went in.

2. The door led right into a large kitchen, which was full of smoke from one end to the other: the Duchess was sitting on a three-legged stool in the middle, nursing a baby; the cook was leaning over the fire, stirring a large cauldron which seemed to be full of soup.

3. "There's certainly too much pepper in that





soup!" Alice said to herself, as well as she could for sneezing.

4. There was certainly too much of it in the air. Even the Duchess sneezed occasionally; and as for the baby, it was sneezing and howling alternately without a moment's pause. The only two creatures in the kitchen that did not sneeze were the cook, and a large Cat which was sitting on the hearth and grinning from ear to ear.

5. "Please, would you tell me," said Alice, a little timidly, for she was not quite sure whether it was good manners for her to speak first, "why your cat grins like that?"

"It's a Cheshire Cat," said the Duchess, "and that's why. Pig!"

6. She said the last word with such sudden vio-



lence that Alice quite jumped; but she saw in another moment that it was addressed to the baby, and not to her, so she took courage, and went on again:

“I didn’t know that Cheshire cats always grinned; in fact, I didn’t know that cats *could* grin.”

“They all can,” said the Duchess; “and most of ’em do.”

“I don’t know of any that do,” Alice said very politely, feeling quite pleased to have got into a conversation.

7. “Oh! don’t bother *me*,” said the Duchess; and with that she began nursing her child again, singing a sort of lullaby to it as she did so, and giving it a violent shake at the end of every line:

*“Speak roughly to your little boy  
And beat him when he sneezes;  
He only does it to annoy,  
Because he knows it teases.”*

#### CHORUS.

(In which the cook and the baby joined)

*“Wow! wow! wow!”*

8. While the Duchess sang the second verse of the song, she kept tossing the baby violently up and down, and the poor little thing howled so that Alice could hardly hear the words—



*"I speak severely to my boy,  
I beat him when he sneezes;  
For he can thoroughly enjoy  
The pepper when he pleases!"*

## CHORUS.

*"Wow! wow! wow!"*

9. "Here! you may nurse it a bit, if you like!" said the Duchess to Alice, flinging the baby at her as she spoke. "I must go and get ready to play croquet with the Queen;" and she hurried out of the room. The cook threw a frying-pan after her as she went, but it just missed her.

10. Alice caught the baby with some difficulty, as it was a queer-shaped little creature, and held out its arms and legs in all directions, "just like a star-fish," thought Alice. The poor little thing was snorting like a steam-engine when she caught it, and kept doubling itself up and straightening itself out again, so that altogether, for the first minute or two, it was as much as she could do to hold it.

11. "If I don't take this child away with me," thought Alice, "they're sure to kill it in a day or two; wouldn't it be murder to leave it behind?" She said the last words out loud, and the little thing grunted in reply (it had left off sneezing by this time). "Don't grunt," said Alice; "that's not at all a proper way of expressing yourself."

12. Alice was just beginning to think to herself, "Now, what am I to do with this creature when



I get it home?" when it grunted again, so violently, that she looked down into its face in some alarm. This time there could be *no* mistake

about it; it was neither more nor less than a pig, and she felt that it would be quite absurd for her to carry it any further.

13. So she set the little creature down, and felt quite relieved to see it trot away quietly into the wood. "If it had grown up," she said to herself, "it would have been a dreadfully ugly child; but it makes rather a

handsome pig, I think." And she began thinking over other children she knew, who might do very well as pigs, and was just saying to herself, "If one only knew the right way to change them ——" when she was a little startled by seeing the Cheshire Cat sitting on a bough of a tree a few yards off.

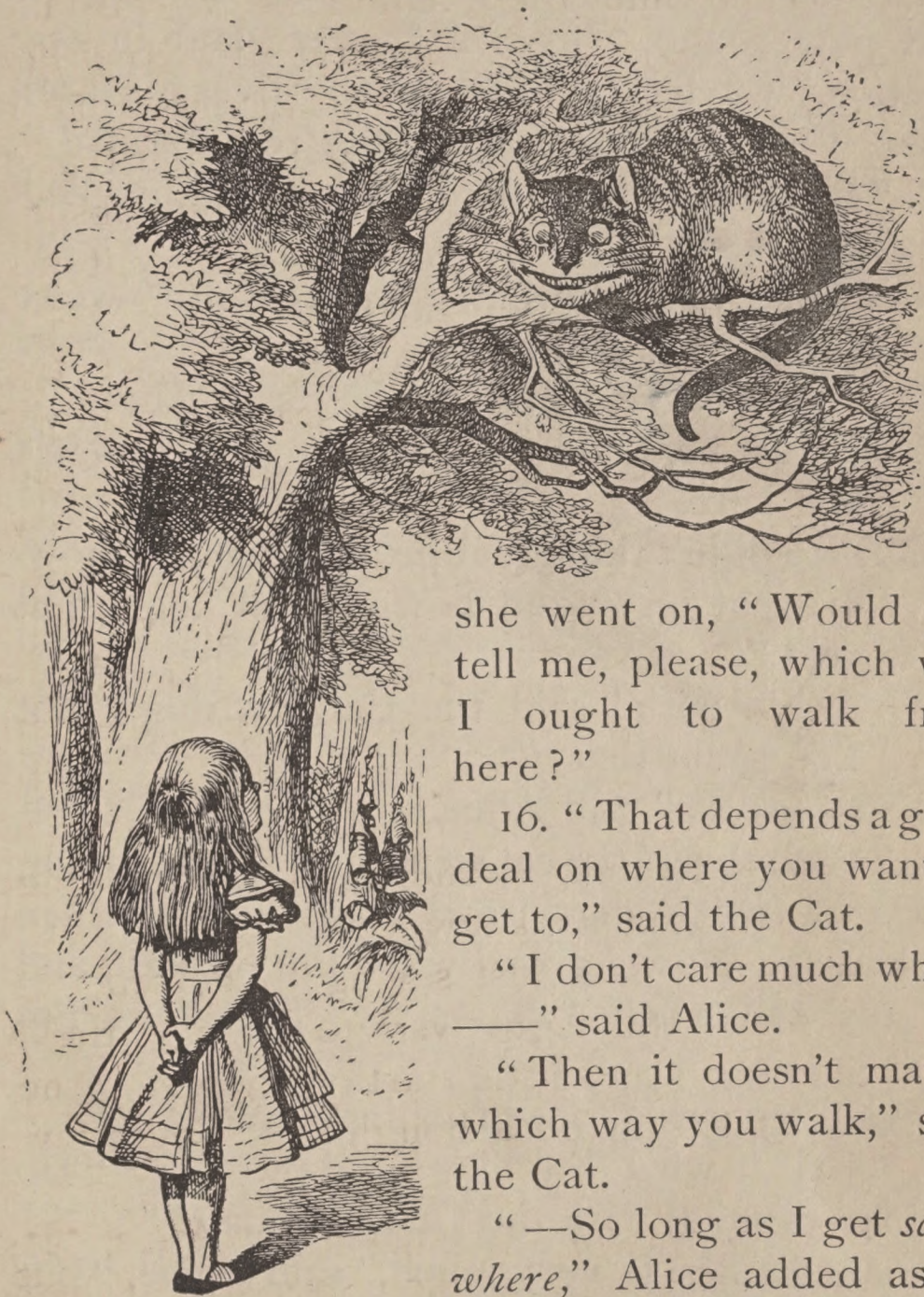
14. The Cat only grinned when it saw Alice. It looked good-natured, she thought; still it had *very* long claws and a great many teeth, so she felt it ought to be treated with respect.

15. "Cheshire Puss," she began, rather timidly, as she did not at all know whether it would like the





name; however, it only grinned a little wider. "Come, it's pleased so far," thought Alice, and



she went on, "Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to walk from here?"

16. "That depends a good deal on where you want to get to," said the Cat.

"I don't care much where —" said Alice.

"Then it doesn't matter which way you walk," said the Cat.

"—So long as I get *some-where*," Alice added as an explanation.

"Oh, you're sure to do that," said the Cat, "if you only walk long enough."

17. Alice felt that this could not be denied, so she



tried another question. "What sort of people live about here?"

"In *that* direction," the Cat said, waving its right paw round, "lives a Hatter; and in *that* direction," waving the other paw, "lives a March Hare. Visit either you like: they're both mad."

18. "But I don't want to go among mad people," Alice remarked.

"Oh, you can't help that," said the Cat: "we're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad."

"How do you know I'm mad?" said Alice.

"You must be," said the Cat, "or you wouldn't have come here."

19. Alice didn't think that proved it at all; however, she went on: "and how do you know that you're mad?"

"To begin with," said the Cat, "a dog's not mad. You grant that?"

"I suppose so," said Alice.

20. "Well then," the cat went on, "you see a dog growls when it's angry, and wags its tail when it's pleased. Now *I* growl when I'm pleased, and wag my tail when I'm angry. Therefore I'm mad."

"*I* call it purring, not growling," said Alice.

21. "Call it what you like," said the Cat. "Do you play croquet with the Queen to-day?"

"I should like it very much," said Alice, "but I haven't been invited yet."

"You'll see me there," said the Cat, and vanished.

22. Alice was not much surprised at this, she was



getting so well used to queer things happening. While she was still looking at the place where it had been, it suddenly appeared again.

23. "By-the-by, what became of the baby?" said the Cat. "I'd nearly forgotten to ask."

"It turned into a pig," Alice answered very quietly, just as if the Cat had come back in a natural way.

"I thought it would," said the Cat, and vanished again.

24. Alice waited a little, half expecting to see it again; but it did not appear, and after a minute or two she walked on in the direction in which the March Hare was said to live. "I've seen hatters before," she said to herself; "the March Hare will be much the most interesting; and perhaps, as this is May it won't be raving mad—at least, not so mad as it was in March." As she said this she looked up, and there was the Cat again, sitting on a branch of a tree.

25. "Did you say pig, or fig?" said the Cat.

"I said pig," replied Alice; "and I wish you wouldn't keep appearing and vanishing so suddenly: you make one quite giddy."

26. "All right," said the Cat; and this time it vanished quite slowly, beginning with the end of the tail and ending with the grin, which remained some time after the rest of it had gone.

27. "Well! I've often seen a cat without a grin," thought Alice; "but a grin without a cat! It's the most curious thing I ever saw in all my life!"





28. Just as she said this, she noticed that one of the trees had a door leading right into it. "That's very curious!" she thought. "But everything's curious to-day. I think I may as well go in at once." And in she went.

29. Once more she found herself in the long hall, and close to the little glass table. "Now, I'll manage better this time," she said to herself, and began by taking the little golden key, and unlocking the door that led into the garden. Then she set to work nibbling at the mushroom (she had kept a piece of it in her pocket) till she was about a foot high: then she walked down the little passage; and *then*—she found herself at last in the beautiful garden, among the bright flower-beds and the cool fountains.



## Chapter VI

## The Queen's Croquet Ground

1. A LARGE rose-tree stood near the entrance of the garden: the roses growing on it were white, but there were three gardeners at it, busily painting them red. Alice thought this a very curious thing, and she went nearer to watch them, and just as she came up to them she heard one of them say, "Look out now, Five! Don't go splashing paint over me like that!"

2. "I couldn't help it," said Five in a sulky tone; "Seven jogged my elbow."

3. Seven flung down his brush, and had just begun, "Well, of all the unjust things"—when his eye chanced to fall upon Alice, as she stood watching them, and he checked himself suddenly. The others looked round also, and all of them bowed low. At this moment Five, who had been anxiously looking across the garden, called out,





“The Queen! The Queen!” and the three gardeners instantly threw themselves flat upon their faces. There was a sound of many footsteps, and Alice looked round, eager to see the Queen.

4. First came ten soldiers carrying clubs; these were all shaped like the three gardeners, oblong and flat, with their hands and feet at the corners: next the ten courtiers; these were ornamented all over with diamonds, and walked two and two, as the soldiers did. After these came the royal children; there were ten of them, and the little dears came jumping merrily along, hand in hand, in couples: they were all ornamented with hearts. Next came the guests, mostly Kings and Queens, and among them Alice recognized the White Rabbit. It was talking in a hurried, nervous manner, smiling at everything that was said, and went by without noticing her. Then followed the Knave of Hearts, carrying the King's crown on a crimson velvet cushion; and, last of all this grand procession, came the KING AND QUEEN OF HEARTS.

5. When the procession came opposite to Alice, they all stopped and looked at her, and the Queen said severely, “Who is this?” She said it to the Knave of Hearts, who only bowed and smiled in reply.

6. “Idiot!” said the Queen, tossing her head impatiently: and turning to Alice, she went on, “What's your name, child?”

7. “My name is Alice, so please your Majesty, said Alice very politely; but, she added to her-



self, "Why, they're only a pack of cards, after all. I needn't be afraid of them!"

8. "And who are *these*?" said the Queen, pointing to the three gardeners who were lying round the rose-tree; for you see, as they were lying on their faces, and the pattern on their backs was the same as the rest of the pack, she could not tell whether they were gardeners, or soldiers, or courtiers, or three of her own children.

9. "How should *I* know!" said Alice, surprised at her own courage. "It's no business of *mine*."

10. The Queen turned crimson with fury, and, after glaring at her for a moment like a wild beast, began screaming, "Off with her head! Off—"

11. "Nonsense!" said Alice, very loudly and decidedly, and the Queen was silent.

12. The king laid his hand upon her arm, and timidly said, "Consider, my dear: she is only a child!"

13. The Queen turned angrily away from him, and said to the Knave, "Turn them over!"

14. The Knave did so, very carefully, with one foot.

15. "That's right!" shouted the Queen. "Can you play croquet?"

16. "The others were silent, and looked at Alice, as the question was evidently meant for her.

17. "Yes!" shouted Alice.

18. "Come on then!" roared the Queen, and



Alice joined the procession, wondering very much what would happen next.

19. Alice thought she had never seen such a curious croquet-ground in her life; it was all



ridges and furrows; the croquet-balls were live hedgehogs, and the mallets live flamingoes, and the soldiers had to double themselves up and stand on their hands and feet, to make the arches.

20. The players all played at once without



waiting for turns, quarrelling all the while, and fighting for the hedgehogs; and in a very short time the Queen was in a furious passion, and went stamping about, and shouting, "Off with his head!" or "Off with her head!" about once in a minute.

21. Alice began to feel very uneasy; she was looking about for some way of escape, and wondering whether she could get away without being seen, when she noticed a curious appearance in the air: it puzzled her very much at first, but after watching it a minute or two she made it out to be a grin, and she said to herself, "It's the Cheshire Cat: now I shall have somebody to talk to?"

22. "How are you getting on?" said the Cat as soon as there was mouth enough for it to speak with.

23. Alice waited till the eyes appeared, and then nodded. "It's no use speaking to it," she thought, "till its ears have come, or at least one of them." In another minute the whole head appeared, and then Alice put down her flamingo, and began an account of the game, feeling very glad she had some one to listen to her. The Cat seemed to think that there was enough of it now in sight, and no more of it appeared.

24. "How do you like the queen?" said the Cat in a low voice.

25. "Not at all," said Alice; "she's so extremely—" Just then she noticed that the Queen was close behind her, listening; so she went on



“—likely to win, that it’s hardly worth while finishing the game.”

26. The Queen smiled and passed on.

27. “Who *are* you talking to?” said the King, coming up to Alice, and looking at the Cat’s head with great curiosity.

28. “It’s a friend of mine—a Cheshire Cat,” said Alice; “allow me to introduce it.”

29. “I don’t like the look of it at all,” said the King; “however, it may kiss my hand if it likes.”

30. “I’d rather not,” the Cat remarked.

31. “Don’t be impertinent,” said the King, “and don’t look at me like that!” He got behind Alice as he spoke.

32. “A cat may look at a king,” said Alice. “I’ve read that in some book, but I don’t remember where.”

33. “Well, it must be removed,” said the King very decidedly; and he called to the Queen, who was passing at the moment, “My dear! I wish you would have this cat removed!”

34. The Queen had only one way of settling all difficulties, great or small. “Off with his head!” she said without even looking round.

35. “I’ll fetch the executioner myself,” said the King eagerly, and he hurried off.

36. Alice thought she might as well go back and see how the game was going on, as she heard the Queen’s voice in the distance, screaming with passion. She had already heard her sentence three of the players to be executed for having missed their turns, and she did not like the look



of things at all, as the game was in such confusion that she never knew whether it was her turn or not. So she went off to have a little more conversation with her friend, the Cheshire Cat. She was surprised to find quite a large crowd collected round it; there was a dispute going on between



the executioner, the King, and the Queen, who were all talking at once, while all the rest were quite silent, and looked very uncomfortable.

37. The moment Alice appeared, she was appealed to by all three to settle the question, and they repeated their arguments to her, though, as



they all spoke at once, she found it very hard to make out exactly what they said.

38. The executioner's argument was, that you couldn't cut off a head unless there was a body to cut it off from ; that he had never had to do such a thing before, and he wasn't going to begin at *his* time of life.

39. The King's argument was, that anything that had a head could be beheaded, and that you weren't to talk nonsense.

40. The Queen's argument was, that if something wasn't done about it in less than no time, she'd have everybody executed, all round. (It was this last remark that had made the whole party look so grave and anxious.)

41. Alice could think of nothing else to say but "It belongs to the Duchess ; you'd better ask *her* about it."

42. "She's in prison," the Queen said to the executioner ; "fetch her here." And the executioner went off like an arrow.

43. The Cat's head began fading away the moment he was gone, and, by the time he had come back with the Duchess, it had entirely disappeared ; so the King and the executioner ran wildly up and down looking for it, while the rest of the party went back to the game.



## Chapter VII

## The Mock Turtle's Story

1. "YOU can't think how glad I am to see you again, you dear old thing!" said the Duchess, as she tucked her arm affectionately into Alice's and they walked off together.

2. Alice did not much like her keeping so close to her; first, because the Duchess was *very* ugly, and secondly, because she was exactly the right height to rest her chin on Alice's shoulder, and it was an uncomfortably sharp chin. However, she did not like to be rude, so she bore it as well as she could.

3. "The game's going on rather better now," she said by way of keeping up the conversation a little.

4. "'Tis so," said the Duchess; "and the moral of that is—'Oh, 'tis love, 'tis love, that makes the world go round!'"

5. "Somebody said," Alice whispered, "that it's done by everybody minding their own business!"

6. "Ah, well! It means much the same thing," said the Duchess, digging her sharp little chin into Alice's shoulder as she added, "and the moral of *that* is—'Take care of the sense, and the sounds will take care of themselves.'"

7. "How fond she is of finding morals in things," Alice thought to herself,



8. "I daresay you're wondering why I don't put my arm round your waist," said the Duchess after a pause; "the reason is, that I'm doubtful about

the temper of your flamingo. Shall I try the experiment?"

9. "He might bite," Alice cautiously replied, not feeling at all anxious to have the experiment tried.

10. "Very true," said the Duchess; "flamingoes and mustard both bite. And the moral of that is—'Birds of a feather flock together.'"

11. "Only mustard isn't a bird," Alice remarked.

12. "Right, as usual," said the Duchess; "what a clear way you have of putting things!"

13. "It's a mineral, I *think*," said Alice.

14. "Of course it is," said the Duchess, who seemed ready to agree to everything that Alice said; "there's a large mustard-mine near here. And the moral of that is—'The more there is of mine, the less there is of yours.'"

15. "Oh, I know!" exclaimed Alice, who had not attended to this last remark, "it's a vegetable. It doesn't look like one, but it is."





16. "I quite agree with you," said the Duchess ;  
"and the moral of that is—"

17. But here, to Alice's great surprise, the Duchess' voice died away, even in the middle of her favorite word "moral," and the arm that was linked into hers began to tremble. Alice looked up, and there stood the Queen in front of them, with her arms folded, frowning like a thunder-storm.

18. "A fine day, your Majesty!" the Duchess began, in a low, weak voice.

19. "Now, I give you fair warning," shouted the Queen, stamping on the ground as she spoke ;  
"either you or your head must be off, and that in about half no time ! Take your choice !"

20. The Duchess took her choice, and was gone in a moment.

21. "Let's go on with the game," the Queen said to Alice ; and Alice was too much frightened to say a word, but slowly followed her back to the croquet-ground.

22. The other guests had taken advantage of the Queen's absence, and were resting in the shade ; however, the moment they saw her, they hurried back to the game, the Queen merely remarking that a moment's delay would cost them their lives.

23. All the time they were playing the Queen never left off quarrelling with the other players, and shouting "Off with his head !" or "Off with her head !" Those whom she sentenced were taken into custody by the soldiers, who of course



had to leave off being arches to do this, so that by the end of half an hour or so there were no arches left, and all the players except the King, the Queen, and Alice were in custody and under sentence of execution.

24. Then the Queen left off, quite out of breath, and said to Alice, "Have you seen the Mock Turtle yet?"

25. "No," said Alice. "I don't even know what a Mock Turtle is."

26. "It's the thing Mock Turtle Soup is made from," said the Queen.

27. "I never saw one, or heard of one," said Alice.

28. "Come on, then," said the Queen, "and he shall tell you his history."

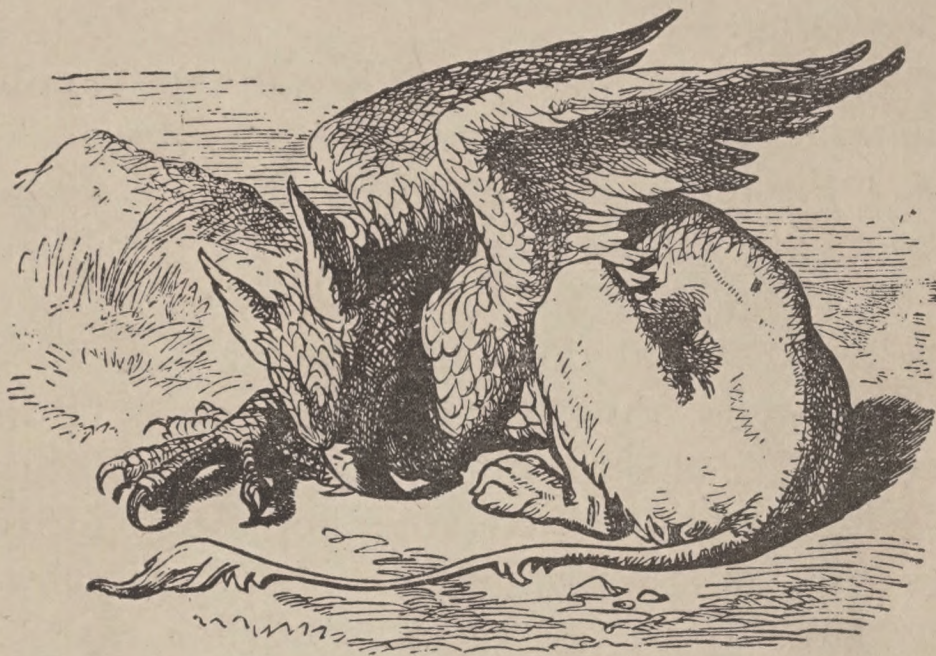
29. As they walked off together, Alice heard the King say in a low voice, to the company generally, "You are all pardoned." "Come, *that's* a good thing!" she said to herself, for she had felt quite unhappy at the number of executions the Queen had ordered.

30. They very soon came upon a Gryphon, lying fast asleep in the sun. (If you don't know what a Gryphon is, look at the picture.) "Up, lazy thing!" said the Queen, "and take this young lady to see the Mock Turtle, and to hear his history. I must go back and see after some executions I have ordered;" and she walked off, leaving Alice alone with the Gryphon. Alice did not quite like the look of the creature, but on the whole she thought it would be quite as safe to



stay with it as to go after that savage Queen ; so she waited.

31. The Gryphon sat up and rubbed its eyes : then it watched the Queen till she was out of sight ; then it chuckled. "What fun !" said the Gryphon, half to itself, half to Alice.



32. "What *is* the fun ?" said Alice.

33. "Why, *she*," said the Gryphon. "It's all her fancy, that : they never executes nobody, you know. Come on."

34. "Everybody says 'come on !' here," thought Alice, as she went slowly after it ; "I never was so ordered about before in all my life, never !"

35. They had not gone far before they saw the Mock Turtle in the distance, sitting sad and lonely on a little ledge of rock, and, as they came nearer, Alice could hear him sighing as if his



heart would break. She pitied him deeply. "What is his sorrow?" she asked the Gryphon, and the Gryphon answered, very nearly in the same words as before, "It's all his fancy, that: he hasn't got no sorrow, you know. Come on!"

36. So they went up to the Mock Turtle, who looked at them with large eyes full of tears, but said nothing.

37. "This here young lady," said the Gryphon, "she wants for to know your history, she do."

38. "I'll tell it her," said the Mock Turtle in a deep, hollow tone; "sit down both of you, and don't speak a word till I've finished."

39. So they sat down, and nobody spoke for some minutes. Alice thought to herself, "I don't see how he can *ever* finish, if he doesn't begin." But she waited patiently.

40. "Once," said the Mock Turtle at last, with a deep sigh, "I was a real Turtle."

41. These words were followed by a very long silence, broken only by an occasional exclamation of "Hjckrrh!" from the Gryphon, and the constant heavy sobbing of the Mock Turtle. Alice was very nearly getting up and saying, "Thank you, sir, for your interesting story;" but she could not help thinking there *must* be more to come, so she sat still and said nothing.

42. "When we were little," the Mock Turtle went on at last, more calmly, though still sobbing a little now and then, "we went to school in the sea. The master was an old Turtle—we used to call him Tortoise—"



43. "Why did you call him Tortoise, if he wasn't one?" Alice asked.

44. "We called him Tortoise because he taught us," said the Mock Turtle angrily; "really, you are very dull!"



45. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking such a simple question," added the Gryphon; and then they both sat silent and looked at poor Alice, who felt ready to sink into the earth. At last the Gryphon said to the Mock Turtle,



“Drive on, old fellow! Don’t be all day about it!” and he went on in these words:

46. “Yes, we went to school in the sea, though you mayn’t believe it—”

47. “I never said I didn’t!” interrupted Alice.

48. “You did,” said the Mock Turtle.

49. “Hold your tongue!” added the Gryphon, before Alice could speak again. The Mock Turtle went on.

50. “We had the best of educations—in fact, we went to school every day—”

51. *I’ve* been to a day-school too,” said Alice; “you needn’t be so proud as all that.”

52. “With extras?” asked the Mock Turtle a little anxiously.

53. “Yes,” said Alice; “we learned French and music.”

54. “And washing?” said the Mock Turtle.

55. “Certainly not!” said Alice indignantly.

56. “Ah! Then your’s wasn’t a really good school,” said the Mock Turtle in a tone of great relief. “Now at *ours* they had at the end of the bill, ‘French, music, *and washing*—extra.’”

57. “You couldn’t have wanted it much,” said Alice, “living at the bottom of the sea.”

58. “I couldn’t afford to learn it,” said the Mock Turtle with a sigh. “I only took the regular course.”

59. “What was that,” inquired Alice.

60. “Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with,” the Mock Turtle replied: “and then



the different branches of Arithmetic—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision.”

61. “I never heard of ‘Uglification,’” Alice ventured to say. “What is it?”

62. The Gryphon lifted up both its paws in surprise. “Never heard of Uglifying!” it exclaimed. “You know what to beautify is, I suppose?”

63. “Yes,” said Alice, doubtfully: “it means—to—make—anything—prettier.”

64. “Well, then,” the Gryphon went on, “if you don’t know what to uglify is, you *are* a simpleton.”

65. Alice did not feel encouraged to ask any more questions about it, so she turned to the Mock Turtle and said, “What else had you to learn?”

66. “Well, there was Mystery,” the Mock Turtle replied, counting off the subjects on his flappers—“Mystery, ancient and modern, with Seaography: then Drawling—the Drawling-master was an old conger-eel that used to come once a week; *he* taught us Drawling, Stretching, and Fainting in Coils.”

67. “What was *that* like?” said Alice.

68. “Well, I can’t show it you, myself,” the Mock Turtle said: “I’m too stiff. And the Gryphon never learnt it.”

69. “Hadn’t time,” said the Gryphon; “I went to the Classical master, though. He was an old crab, *he* was.”

70. “I never went to him,” the Mock Turtle



said with a sigh ; “ he taught Laughing and Grief, they used to say.”

71. “ So he did, so he did,” said the Gryphon, sighing in his turn, and both creatures hid their faces in their paws.

72. “ And how many hours a day did you do lessons?” said Alice, in a hurry to change the subject.

73. “ Ten hours the first day,” said the Mock Turtle ; “ nine the next, and so on.”

74. “ What a curious plan !” exclaimed Alice.

75. “ That’s the reason they’re called lessons,” the Gryphon remarked ; “ because they lessen from day to day.”

76. This was quite a new idea to Alice, and she thought it over a little before she made her next remark. “ Then the eleventh day must have been a holiday ? ”

77. “ Of course it was,” said the Mock Turtle.

78. “ And how did you manage on the twelfth ? ” Alice went on eagerly.

79. “ That’s enough about lessons,” the Gryphon interrupted in a very decided tone ; “ tell her something about the games now.”



## Chapter VIII

## The Lobster-Quadrille

1. THE Mock Turtle sighed deeply, and drew the back of one flapper across his eyes. He looked at Alice and tried to speak, but for a minute or two sobs choked his voice. "Same as if he had a bone in his throat," said the Gryphon, and it set to work shaking and punching him in the back. At last the Mock Turtle recovered his voice, and, with tears running down his cheeks, he went on again:

2. "You may not have lived much under the sea—" ("I haven't," said Alice)—"and perhaps you were never even introduced to a lobster—" (Alice began to say "I once tasted"—but checked herself hastily, and said, "No, never")—"so you can have no idea what a delightful thing a Lobster-Quadrille is!"

3. "No, indeed," said Alice. "What sort of a dance is it?"

4. "Why," said the Gryphon, "you first form into a line along the seashore—"

5. "Two lines!" cried the Mock Turtle. "Seals, turtles, salmon, and so on; then, when you've cleared all the jelly-fish out of the way—"

6. "*That* generally takes some time," interrupted the Gryphon,







22. "Oh, *you* sing," said the Gryphon. "I've forgotten the words."

23. So they began solemnly dancing round and round Alice, every now and then treading on her toes when they passed too close, and waving their



fore-paws to mark the time, while the Mock Turtle sang this, very slowly and sadly :

24. "*Will you walk a little faster?*" said a whit-  
ing to a snail,  
"*There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading  
on my tail.*  
*See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all ad-  
vance !*



*They are waiting on the shingle—will you come and  
join the dance?*

*Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join  
the dance?*

*Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you  
join the dance?*

25. *"You can really have no notion how delightful  
it will be*

*When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters,  
out to sea!"*

*But the snail replied, "Too far, too far!" and gave a  
look askance—*

*Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not  
join the dance.*

*Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not  
join the dance.*

*Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not  
join the dance.*

26. *"What matters it how far we go?" his scaly  
friend replied,*

*"There is another shore, you know, upon the other  
side,*

*The further off from England the nearer is to  
France;*

*Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join  
the dance.*

*Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join  
the dance?"*

*Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you  
join the dance?"*



27. "Thank you, it's a very interesting dance to watch," said Alice, feeling very glad that it was over at last; "and I do so like that curious song!" "If I'd been the whiting, I'd have said to the porpoise, 'Keep back, please; we don't want *you* with us!'"

28. "They were obliged to have him with them," the Mock Turtle said: "no wise fish would go anywhere without a porpoise."

29. "Wouldn't it really?" said Alice in a tone of great surprise.

30. "Of course not," said the Mock Turtle: "why, if a fish came to *me*, and told me he was going a journey, I should say, 'With what porpoise?'"

31. "Don't you mean 'purpose'?" said Alice.

32. "I mean what I say," the Mock Turtle replied in an offended tone. And the Gryphon added, "Come, let's hear some of *your* adventures."

33. "I could tell you my adventures—beginning from this morning," said Alice a little timidly: "but it's no use going back to yesterday, because I was a different person then."

34. "Explain all that," said the Mock Turtle.

35. "No, no! the adventures first," said the Gryphon in an impatient tone; "explanations take such a dreadful time."

36. So Alice began telling them her adventures from the time when she first saw the White Rabbit; she was a little nervous about it just at first, the two creatures got so close to her, one on



each side, and opened their eyes and mouths so *very* wide, but she gained courage as she went on. Her listeners were perfectly quiet till she got to the part about her repeating "*You are old, Father William,*" to the Caterpillar, and the words all coming different, and then the Mock Turtle

drew a long breath, and said, "That's very curious."

37. "It's all about as curious as it can be," said the Gryphon.

38. "It all came different!" the Mock Turtle repeated thoughtfully. "I should like to hear her try and repeat something now. Tell her to begin." He looked at the Gryphon as if he thought it had some kind of authority over Alice.

39. "Stand up and repeat '*'Tis the voice of the sluggard,*'" said the Gryphon.

40. "How the creatures order one about, and make one repeat lessons!" thought Alice. "I might just as well be at school at once." However, she got up and began to repeat it, but her head was so full of the Lobster-Quadrille, that she





hardly knew what she was saying, and the words came very queer indeed :

41. “ ‘Tis the voice of the lobster ; I heard him declare,

‘ You have baked me too brown, I must sugar my hair.’  
As a duck with his eyelids, so he with his nose  
Trims his belt and his buttons, and turns out his toes.”

42. “ That’s different from what I used to say when I was a child,” said the Gryphon.

43. “ Well, I never heard it before,” said the Mock Turtle ; “ but it sounds uncommon nonsense.”

44. “ Shall we try another figure of the Lobster-Quadrille ? ” the Gryphon went on. “ Or would you like the Mock Turtle to sing you a song ? ”

45. “ Oh, a song, please, if the Mock Turtle would be so kind,” Alice replied, so eagerly that the Gryphon said, in a rather offended tone, “ Hm ! No accounting for tastes ! Sing her ‘ Turtle Soup,’ will you, old fellow ? ”

46. The Mock Turtle sighed deeply, and began, in a voice sometimes choked with sobs, to sing this :

47. “ Beautiful Soup, so rich and green,

Waiting in a hot tureen ?

Who for such dainties would not stoop ?

Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup !

Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup !

Beau—ootiful Soo—oop !

Beau—ootiful Soo—oop !

Soo—oop of the e—e—evening,

Beautiful, beautiful Soup !



48. "Chorus again!" cried the Gryphon, and the Mock Turtle had just begun to repeat it, when a cry was heard in the distance.

59. "Come on!" cried the Gryphon, and taking Alice by the hand, it hurried on, without waiting for the end of the song.

50. "What is it?" Alice panted as she ran; but the Gryphon only answered "Come on!" and ran the faster, while more and more faintly came, carried on the breeze that followed them, the melancholy words:

*Soo—oop of the e—e—evening,  
Beautiful, beautiful Soup!"*

51. "Wake up, Alice dear!" said her sister; "why, what a long sleep you've had!"

52. "Oh, I've had such a curious dream!" said Alice; and she told her sister, as well as she could remember them, all these strange adventures of hers that you have just been reading about; and when she had finished, her sister kissed her, and said, "It *was* a curious dream, dear, certainly; but now run in to your tea; it's getting late." So Alice got up and ran off, thinking, while she ran, as well she might, what a wonderful dream it had been.

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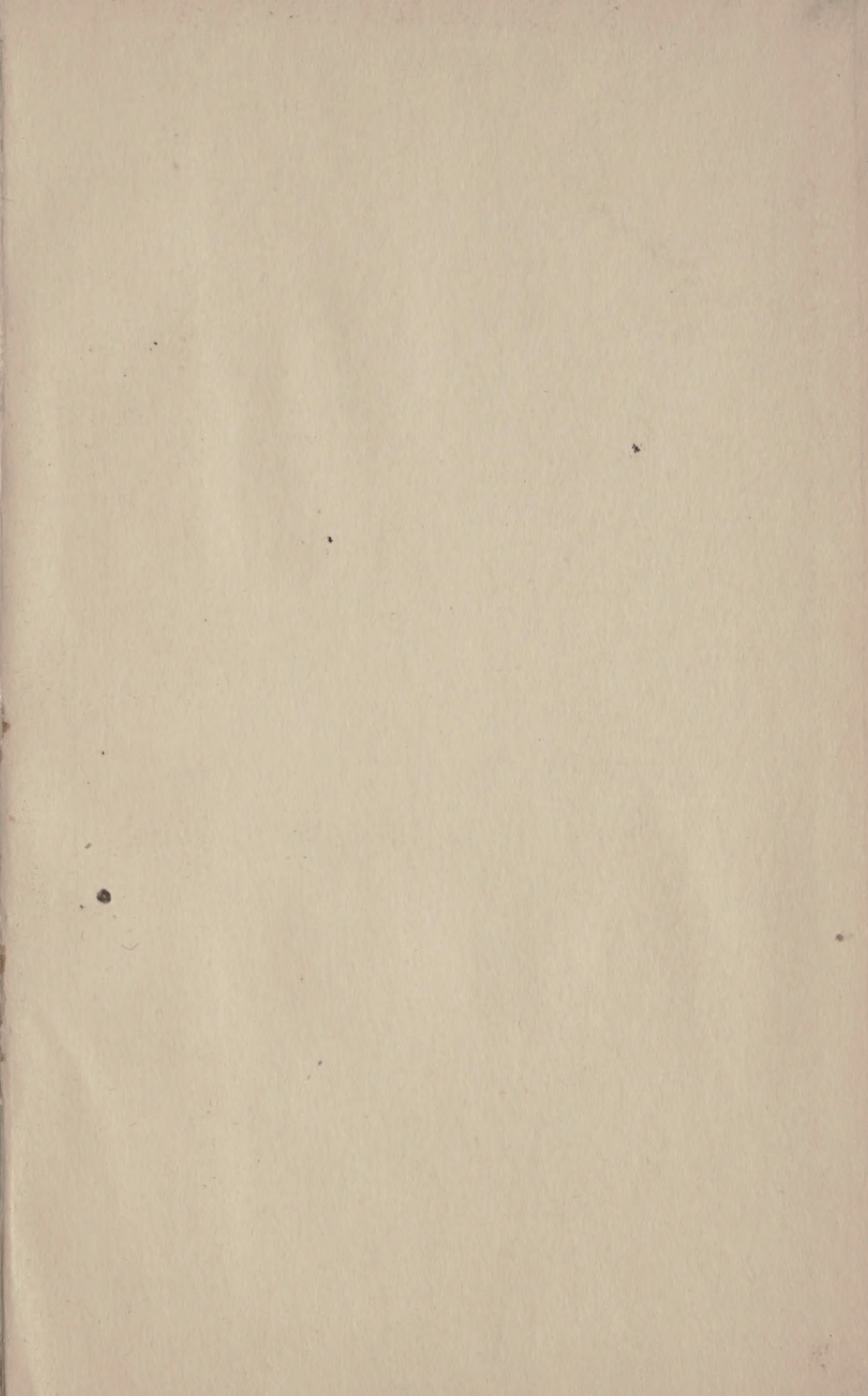
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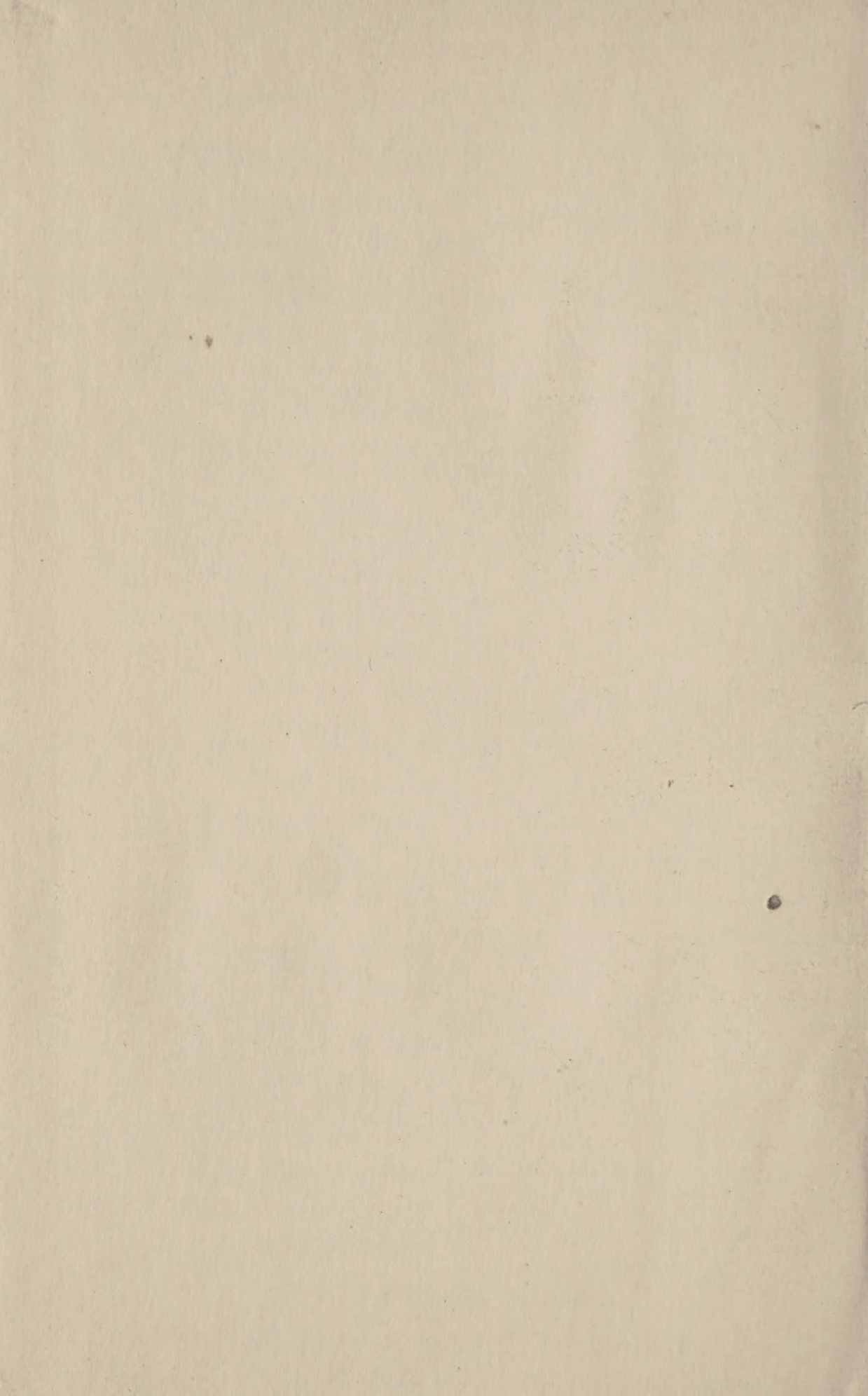
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